

The Notre Dame Scholastic

Disce-Quasi-Semper-Victurus...Vive-Quasi-Cras-Moriturus

A Literary—News Weekly

VOL. LIV.

NOVEMBER 19, 1926.

No. 9.

1872--1926

Home-Coming Number

SEVENTH ANNUAL HOME-COMING

R. L. N.

Greater Notre Dame's Greatest Step

V. F. Fagan

Three Songs To Columbine

Prospero Image

The Author's Climax

Lyle Maloney

The Garden Of Memory

James O'Toole

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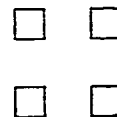
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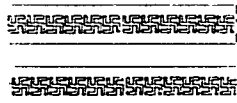
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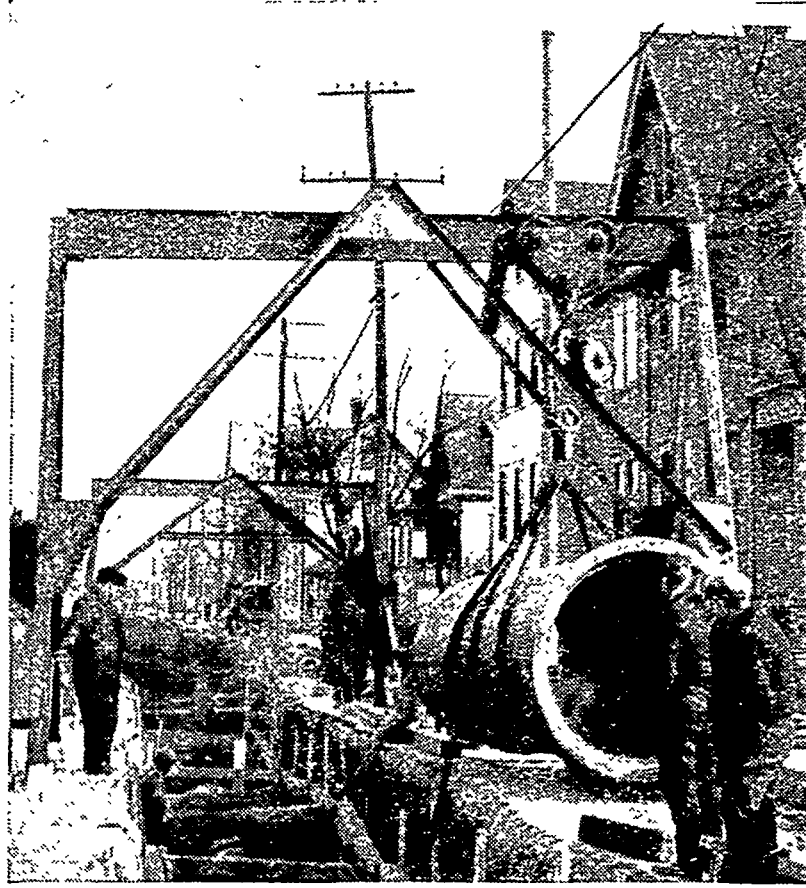
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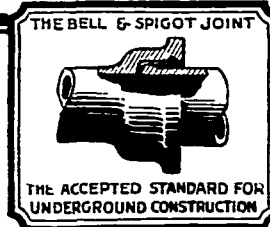
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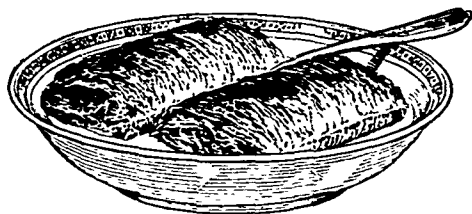
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Entered as second-class matter at Notre Dame, Indiana. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, Section 1108, October 3, 1917, authorized June 25, 1918.

The Advertisers in Notre Dame Publications Deserve the Patronage of All Notre Dame Men



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THE WEEK

Although the real student's Home-coming took place last Monday morning when the team returned from out of the East with the victory over the Army safely tucked away, this week-end will be Homecoming to the alumni. Those who came before us will return again to observe the progress of their alma mater. They will see progressive movements of the order that have established Notre Dame as one of the leading universities of the country. They will find a larger Notre Dame, expanding year after year, growing always under the guiding hands of those who would perfect the University of Our Lady of the Lake.

To recount the events of the past week end appears to be the recording of a realized drama. Once more there were the torch light parades, the spirited pep meeting for the team, the unequaled send-off and another great Rockne team rode into the East. The unbeatable Army eleven found the words of our song to be truthfully penned; for certainly no brain or brawn could have stopped the fighting aggregation Rockne sent against the soldiers Saturday. On paper the odds were against us but the game was played on the field at the Yankee Stadium and after Flanagan had completed his illustrated thesis proving that some southern gentlemen are not slow New York realized that the greatest coach in football history had again accomplished the impossible.

New faces will grace the visitors' bench on Cartier Field Saturday afternoon when the Drake men attempt to puncture the sails of the Irish ship. Those who have followed the progress of this team realize fully that the Drakes will be anything but ducks for Notre Dame.

Clarence Ruddy added another publication to the campus list with his first Notre Dame

Lawyer of the year. This interesting magazine embodies the spirit of the law school between its grey covers and symbolizes the progressive attitude of the lawyers. The *Juggler*, with Hearden and Edwards furnishing a flaming cover, came just in time to liven up Homecoming festivities.

The Scribblers came out of a long period of lectures and initiations to listen to the papers of fellow penmen on Tuesday evening. Latest reports from the poetry contest which ends December first, are to the effect that Notre Dame's aesthetic ambitions have taken a considerable slump. There was a day when Notre Dame men wrote poetry for the pure enjoyment of writing, now a first prize of fifteen dollars fails to lure those who are gifted in this field of endeavor.

The Notre Dame Alumni Club will offer a football dance at the Palais Royal tonight on the eve of the Drake game. The slogan of the dance is, "Meet the Men Who Tamed the Army." Perhaps, but we doubt it. Anyhow, the girls will be there. There seems to be some doubt in the minds of those who should know about the dance on Saturday evening. . . . certainly there should be one.

Right here The Week pauses to accord a deep bow to Dan Cunningham and his Blue Circle. Rockne's Riders are not the only boys on the campus who can achieve results when they strap on the spurs, and the welcome return of the "old fight" to campus affairs has made life well worth hanging around to observe during the past week. Dan and his lads can, without egotism, take to themselves a bit of credit for the mad enthusiasm and spirit that changed the Army Mule into a harmless donkey for that one afternoon.

—W.H.L.

Greater Notre Dame's Greatest Step

V. F. FAGAN

In December of 1925 study was started upon the Dining Hall by the associated architectural firms of Cram and Ferguson, and Kervick and Fagan. The program called for two dining halls seating one thousand each, a cafeteria seating three hundred, a lay faculty dining hall for 150, a small dining room for lay trustees, with the necessary kitchen, mechanical and accessory equipment to make it complete. An additional consideration was the occasional use of the building for class dances.

The outstanding fact was that three thousand men must be served from the kitchens in approximately a half hour's time, directly and efficiently. The study of the problem radiated from the kitchen and revolved about it.

The plan grew into a disturbing square form all too logical to allow concession for the sake of elevation design. The eventual success of both plan and elevation in the face of inexorable restrictions was not an easy thing.

Such was the nature of the Dining Hall problem.

The Dining Hall will be located near the dormitory buildings, south-west and across the road leading from the postoffice to the Niles road. It will occupy the sites of the farm buildings, all of these to be demolished or moved from that area.

In exterior dimension it is designed to be 232 feet by 204 feet with its main entrance facing north and set back from the road. The three-pointed arches of the entrance in the center of the north elevation are surmounted by the lancet windows of the lay faculty dining hall above and a slate roof crowned in the center by a 30 foot flèche. Two dining halls, one on the east and one on the west, run the full length of the building; are entered through the arches and corridor, and are expressed in elevation by the symmetrical flanking masses each with full length angular bays and each with its series of long high lancets.

The interior treatment of these rooms is

similar. The unbroken space inside is approximately 220 feet by 62 feet by 30 feet high. The floors are terrazo; the walls of sound deadening plaster carry a high panelled wainscot and the ceiling is wood beamed and insulated. Coupled lancet windows light the room from all sides. At the north end, on a raised platform is space for a high table while against the opposite south wall there is a great fireplace. Musicians' galleries overlooking the halls are reached from the lay faculty dining hall in the middle section.

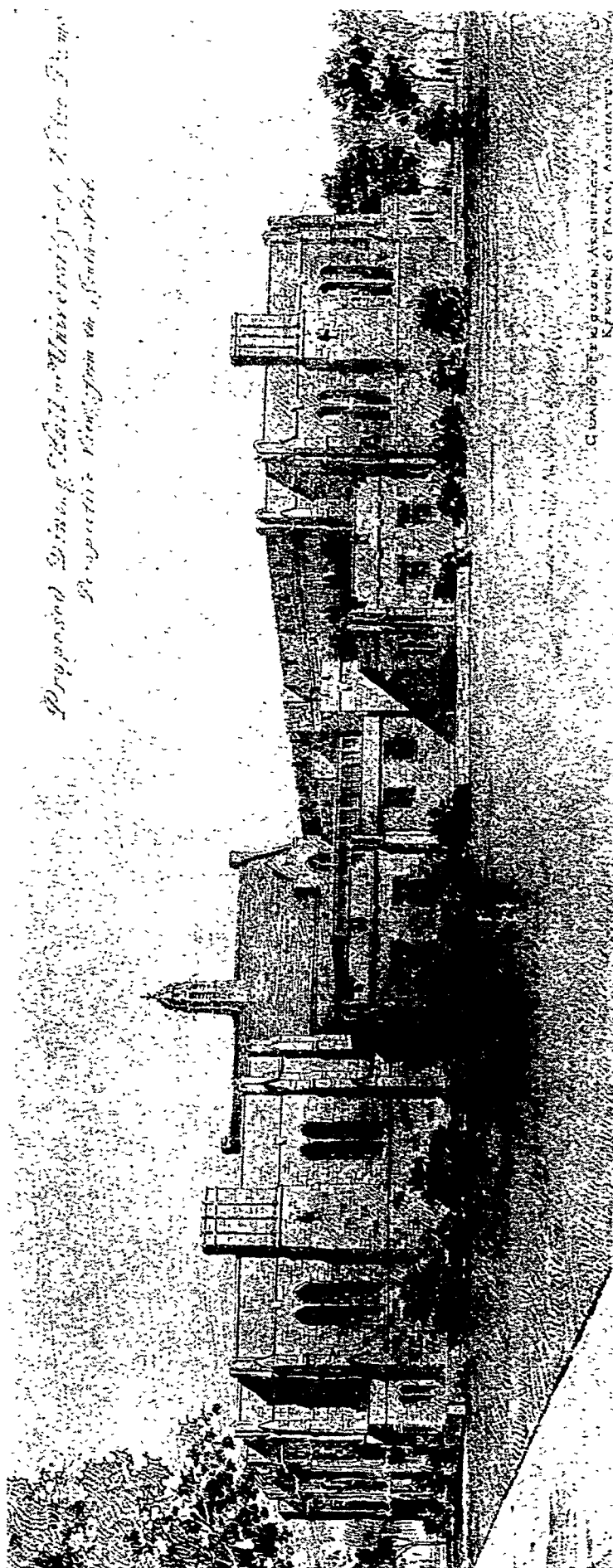
Between these two rooms at the extreme front or north end there stretches the spacious lobby and entrance vestibules. As one enters this lobby of groined ceilings and slate flag floors he turns to the right and left to the great dining halls which it connects. If upon entering he turns to neither the left nor right he will find himself confronted by the doors to the cafeteria.

The cafeteria seating 300 is located between the lobby and the kitchens and, east and west, the two great dining halls. Its ceiling is high and its lighting comes from clerestory windows toward the south. It is designed for a special tile treatment on floor and walls with acoustic plaster above. Against the south wall and in contrast with the kitchen, are located the steam tables, racks and other equipment. Against the opposite north wall is located the soda fountain, tobacco and newspaper stands.

Going down stairs from the lobby one reaches the smoking rooms and toilets and the cloak and checking rooms, which are located below grade.

On the same floor with the dining halls and the cafeteria is located the kitchen, centrally located and toward the rear. It has direct contact with the cafeteria and two dining halls and, through dumb waiters and stairs, the lay faculty dining room on the second floor over the lobby.

In this kitchen are found the ranges, roasters, kettles, steam tables, racks, urns, dish washing machines and other parapher-



PROPOSED DINING HALL—(Rear View)

nalía of this busy place. Most of it is to be electrical. Quarry tile will be used on the floors and white glazed tile carried to the ceiling. A large monilar roof will provide light and ventilation.

Off this kitchen will be found a dining room for the help, the bake shop, refrigerators and steward's office.

In the basement below reached by stairs and elevator is the storage department and preparation rooms. A service drive ramps down at the rear to the unloading platform. Here the food is checked in and goes to the storerooms or to the refrigerators. There are especially designed refrigerators for meats, fish, dairy products, fruit and vegetables. At this level also there is the butcher shop, the vegetable preparation room, the garbage freezing room, help's locker and toilet rooms, fan room and the machinery room.

Returning to the entrance at the ground

floor and to the front one mounts a staircase to the lay faculty dining hall on the second floor over the lobby. This is a room accommodating 150. It is oak panelled and overhead is the exposed oak trussing of the roof. It is lighted by leaded lancet windows toward the north. This room is served from the main kitchen through a serving room on the second floor.

Close by the dining room and near the staircase there is a panelled faculty lounge room with a fireplace. There is also another mezzanine lounge room overlooking the lay faculty dining hall.

Off the first lounge room there opens a small dining room for the board of lay trustees, panelled and with a fireplace. Both the faculty lounge and the trustees' dining room can overlook one of the great dining halls through interior casement windows.

The stonework on the new building is of granite.

(Courtesy Notre Dame Alumnus)

NOVEMBER CATALYZER APPEARS

The November number of the Notre Dame chemists' magazine made its appearance on the campus last Monday. The *Catalyzer* has taken on new life this year. The editors have added about 100 new names to the subscription list of last year. The percentage of student chemist subscribers has greatly increased. The first issue of the year ran short twenty-five copies, but the present one is large enough to take care of the demand. The magazine is now distributed by the instructors in the chem labs, subscribers signing one of the familiar chemistry order cards instead of paying the cash subscription price.

In the present issue, Father Wenninger continues his article on Organic Evolution. Club notes, personals, and editorials complete the magazine. In the 'Personal' column is an item concerning Paul Harrington, Ch. E. '26. Paul is taking graduate work at M. I. T., and hints that anyone who contemplates taking advanced courses at the famous Massachusetts school should 'know his stuff.' Paul must have been looking ahead while he was at Notre Dame.

HOWARD HALL DEBATING

After tryouts which clearly brought forth the strength of Howard Hall's debating team, the men were assigned the speaking positions which they will hold throughout the coming series of debates. The affirmative team will be composed of Broeker, Winkler and Walsh, speaking in the order named, with Kane acting as an alternate; while Ladner, McGinty and Carey will hold their respective positions on the negative with Rank as an alternate.

ENGINEERS' CLUB MEETS SOON

Membership cards are now being distributed to new members of the Engineers' Club. Those who are without cards should call at Room 1, Corby Hall, in the near future.

The club will hold the November meeting the early part of next week, date to be announced later. Herb Braun and Leon Bryzinski are making arrangements for the program, which is to be presented by the chemical engineers. Eats and smokes will top off the meeting.

Home-Coming

For the seventh time in the history of the school, Notre Dame will gather in her older sons, and officially welcome them back to the spirit of their undergraduate days. Tomorrow the graduated class-member will return to renew contact with his Alma Mater's ideals and to discover the changes which progress inevitably brings.

Indeed, Homecoming primarily belongs to the alumnus; yet it has a double significance. For the old grad it means hellos and handshakes, joyous reunions, and the awakening of precious, half-forgotten memories. For the undergraduate it means a pageant of colorful, lively events—the festive atmosphere of the brightly decorated campus, the barbecue, the boxing matches, the performances in Washington Hall, the visits of fathers and mothers, the dances, and, perhaps, *her* presence—in fur coat and chrysanthemums.

But for both old grad and undergrad Homecoming signifies the Game, wherein the

flame of other Homecomings burns with an undimmed glory. Cartier Field with its crazy-quilt patches of brilliant color in the stands; a cool wind blowing across the green turf; the fine flurry of a first snow carried along on the wings of a clear November day. George Gipp rides again on the ghost of a former Homecoming—the George Gipp of '20, brilliant, sparkling, almost superhuman. The Johnny Mohardt of 1921, he of the flying feet and football hands, with his uncanny ability of throwing passes into the waiting arms of Eddie Anderson. The Paul Castner of 1922 riding again and using his educated toe. The Four Horsemen of 1924, four talented gentlemen of the gridiron, their every effort a poem of coordination and precision. These are the living memories that contribute to the success of the Homecoming of Notre Dame. These are heroes whose glorious heritages the old grad and the under grad alike will cherish the while they watch newer stars flashing across the goal lines of Cartier Field. —J.C.R.



HOME-COMING ARRANGEMENTS

Home-Coming! The reappearance of familiar faces; the appearance of foreign faces—all to scrutinize the pigskin drivers who gree-ed and hawed the Army mule into the Hudson river last Saturday.

Under the leadership of Dan Cunningham the Blue Circle has prepared to receive the visitors fittingly, according to word from the publicity committee—W. W. Smith, chairman, Walter Layne and Dick Novak.

This afternoon the award to the best-decorated hall will be made, judging being done on the basis of originality and attractiveness. This evening a torchlight parade and huge bonfire welcome will be accorded the Drake Varsity when the men arrive. Jack Burns, with Richard Phelan, Jerry LeStrange, William Yore and Edward Broughal, is caring for the matter of illumination.

The reception and information committees will be in flower tomorrow. Handshaking

will fall to the lot of Hugh McCaffery, with Charley McDermott, Ed McLaughlin, Ed Maggi and Tommy Green. George Meade, Cyp Spool, Jerry Froelich, Bill Hillenbrand, Joe Dunn, J. Troy Bonner, Marc Fiehrer, Jack Curtis and Jack McNamara will answer questions.

Traffic is under the handling of Ed Broderick, Gerald Griffin, Joe Lenahan, Louis Thornton, F. J. Donovan, Arthur Denchfield, John Petrone, D. M. Meinert, Jack Gruning and Henry Waters. Tomorrow evening, after the game, entertainment for visitors will be provided by Bob Stephan, Bill O'Keefe, A. J. Kopecky, Joe Benda, Jim Coleman and Charley Walsh.

The decorating committees are: Jim Jones, George Winkler, Hal Hudson, Frank Creadon, Tom Ryan, Joseph Radigan, Charles Colton, Robert Nieubald, Mike McDermott, Tony Gandolphi, John Cavanaugh, Joe O'Donnell, George Leppig and John Igoo.

—R.L.N.

Interesting Places on the Campus

1. The Log Chapel, cradle of the University. On the shore of the lake near the Library. Father Badin is buried here.
2. The Mission House, next to the Log Chapel on the right. First building of the University, built in 1844 by Father Sorin.
3. The Lemonnier Library on the left of the Log Chapel. Has the Art Gallery on the second floor with a collection, including many masterpieces. Magazines in the reading room dating back to 1802.
4. Sacred Heart Church. Mural decorations by Gregori. Famous Bernini altar in the extreme front of the Church. Large jeweled crown suspended over statue of the Blessed Virgin, in a niche over Bernini altar. The main altar made of bronze.
5. Basement chapel of Sacred Heart Church, favorite place of devotion for students. Contains body of Orestes Brownson, noted Catholic American philosopher.
6. Grotto, copied after that of Lourdes. Located in the hollow back of Corby Hall.
7. Sorin Hall, right front of Church. The first private-room dormitory at any Catholic University in the country.
8. Community Cemetery, back of Community House on the road to St. Mary's. Graves dating back to 1844.
9. Holy Cross Seminary, on road to St. Mary's. Residence of young men studying for the Priesthood.
10. Calvary—Stations of the Cross in the field back of the Community House.
11. Spanish War Memorial, north of Science Hall, erected by Brownson Hall in memory of a former Brownsonite who went down with the Battleship Maine.
12. World War Memorial, left side entrance to the Church. The bricks have the initials of the former students who died in World War scratched in them.
13. Paintings of the hall of the Main Building and under the Dome, done by Gregori. The painting of the Landing of Columbus was copied by the U. S. Government in 1892 and used on a postal stamp.
14. New Gymnasium, capable of seating 5000 persons.
15. Statue of Father Corby, in front of Corby Hall. Exact representation of Father Corby as he gave general absolution to the soldiers before the Battle of Gettysburg. The rock on which the statue is placed is the same one that Father Corby stood on at Gettysburg.
16. Washington Hall, left of Main Building on Quadrangle. Contains auditorium, Music Department, and Brownson and Carroll "Rec" Rooms.
17. The Notre Dame postoffice, at the entrance to the campus, established by the government at the request of Henry Clay.
18. The Ave Maria printing office in the rear of Main Building.
19. The walk around St. Mary's and St. Joseph Lakes.

PRESS CLUB MEETS

The Press Club of Notre Dame held its second meeting Tuesday at 12:30 in the Journalism room. President Mark Nevils opened the meeting by calling on William Blewitt for criticisms of the news stories submitted to him for publication in various Catholic newspapers.

After some discussion of the Press Club's news bureau, Mr. Nevils announced that a list of all the clubs on the campus, with their respective officers, was being drawn up, a list which will be of great aid to the members of the club in obtaining news of interest to the papers with which they are

corresponding. Mr. Blewitt suggested that the stories could be improved if the conventional news story form were followed.

The club decided to restrict its memberships to a definite number of men having stated qualifications. George Kelley and Frank Ahearn constitute the committee which will investigate the matter of membership restriction and will report at the next meeting.

Mr. Ralph R. Reed, news manager of the South Bend *News-Times* will address the organization at 12:20 on next Tuesday. The meeting will be an open one, and all journalists are invited to attend.

SCRIBBLERS MEET

The Scribblers held a meeting in their room on the third floor, south wing, of the Library Tuesday evening, November 16. It marked the last of the Tuesday-night meetings,—occasioned by the rendition of four distinct concerts by world-famous artists at the Palais Royale during the month past,—for some time, anyway. President Les Grady sat at the head of the table with his sturdy right fist cocked to shoot down anything that resembled noise.

Secretary Joe Breig gave the meeting its customary eye-opener by reading the minutes of the last meeting. The Scribblers' minutes, unlike those of many other societies, are attentively listened to because of the jocose vein with which Joe invariably streaks them.

When the minutes of the previous meeting had been read, business was given the floor by the President. It was almost chased out of the room, however, by Secretary Breig. He called it a time-waster and wanted to limit its stay at any meeting to fifteen minutes only. The friends of business rallied around it and defended it valiantly from Joe's savage attack. Joe finally conceded his defeat. Business during its sojourn announced that a joint meeting of the Blue Pencil Club of Saint Mary's and the Scribblers of Notre Dame is in the making. No applications for membership into the Scribblers will be considered until after this contemplated joint meeting.

Papers were then read by James Roy and Clarence Ruddy. These literary bits were criticized by members of the Scribblers other than the two men. Both papers indicated a great amount of preparation and were characterized by a satisfying display of literary culture.

Reports were heard from the Scribbler Poetry Contest committee and from the Scribbler Book committee. Both committees on their turn reported progress. Joe Breig, affiliated with the Poetry Contest committee, said that the contest, contrary to the common belief, is still open. Poems, in order to be awarded prizes, must be typed to the number of three copies and must reach Joe

in some way or another before December fifteenth. Joe resides until further notice at 331 Morrissey Hall.

"The Static" published by the girls of Saint Mary's College and Academy passed around the table for inspection during the course of the meeting. *The Notre Dame Lawyer* received a similar treatment. Clarence Ruddy, editor-in-chief of *The Notre Dame Lawyer* and a member of the Scribblers, was commended upon the excellence of his November number. The meeting adjourned at 9:15. The next meeting will be held in the Scribblers' room in the Library Monday evening, November 22, 1926.—L.R.M.

HOSPITAL CONFERENCE OPENS

The fifth annual meeting of the Indiana conference of the Catholic Hospital association opened in the St. Joseph hospital last Tuesday morning. Approximately 100 sisters, doctors, and nurses from Catholic hospitals throughout Indiana attended the three-day session. The celebration of solemn high Mass preceded the discussions; Rev. John Cavanaugh, C.S.C., delivered the sermon on Tuesday morning. His subject was "The Place of Religion in Hospital Work." He stressed the rapid advance of science, calling attention especially to the development of surgery and the resulting improvement in the health and happiness of mankind.

The Glee Club sang Pietro Yon's "Missa Regina Pacis" at the solemn high Mass. This Mass is a very beautiful composition, being built on the Gregorian scheme. Tuesday night the club rendered a concert at the hospital for the visiting representatives to the conference.

"JOE BOLAND NIGHT"

The East-Penn Club held its regular bi-monthly meeting in the North Room of the Library Wednesday night, Nov. 17. The meeting was well-attended. Leo R. McIntyre, vice-president, presided in the absence of President McNally. "Joe Boland's Night" was discussed. McIntyre appointed a committee, headed by Frank Donovan, to take care of the details of his reception.

RESEARCH FOR COMMERCE MEN

In keeping with the practice that has been in effect for the past five years in the College of Commerce respecting the conduct of Marketing and Research campaigns for industrial concerns, the students majoring in Foreign Trade are now engaged in two interesting and involved studies on behalf of an Indiana manufacturer of small gasoline motors and a Spanish importing concern.

The Indiana concern desires to market their product abroad and a market survey to determine probable sources for the distribution of their product is being conducted. This survey involves the compilation of data respecting purchasing ability of different peoples, competition and nature of competition, policy determination concerning dealer outlet, and assembly of packing, shipping, insurance, credit, advertising-publicity, collection and tariff data.

The Spanish concern is interested in the possibilities of the establishment of a chain of 5 and 10 cent stores in the Far East and the problem here is to determine whether or not American products, saleable within the five and ten cent figures can be manufactured and shipped to the Far East and sold profitably.

The students working on these problems are divided into groups of six and each group investigates and handles one part of the research problem, such as Marine Insurance, Shipping, Advertising, Tariffs, etc., so that an intensive study of every factor involved is properly carried out.

The University Administration, through the President, Father Walsh, enthusiastically sponsors this form of research work that is being conducted in the College of Commerce under the direction of Dean J. E. McCarthy.

JERSEYITES TO FEAST

Russell Riley, chairman of the functions committee of the New Jersey Club has made the announcement on the part of that committee that two men active in the affair of the eastern alumni of Notre Dame will be the guests of honor at a banquet at the College Inn on Tuesday evening.

This at a meeting of the Jerseyites in the

Badin Rec Wednesday evening; the men in reference being Joe Byrne and Ruppert Mills. Also at the time, plans were expressed as to how the club was going to aid Dan Cunningham and his Blue Circle over the week end.

FATHER WENNINGER SPEAKS

Rev. F. J. Wenninger, Dean of the College of Science, delivered a talk on evolution to the Knights of Columbus of LaPorte on Thursday evening, November 11. Clarence Bunce, '25, formerly Brother Cyprian's right hand man, is the lecturer of the LaPorte council. It was through Mr. Bunce's efforts that Dean Wenninger was secured as the featured speaker of the evening. The lecture was held in the K. C. hall, and was very well attended.

Thursday, November 18, Rev. Wenninger addressed a public meeting in the South Bend K. C. auditorium, his subject again being evolution. His was the third of the series of lectures being presented in South Bend this year under the auspices of the Knights of Columbus. The purpose of these lectures is to strengthen the already friendly relations between the city and the University.

Evolution is one of Fr. Wenninger's 'pet' subjects. He has read widely in the matter, and discusses it without prejudice or bias to show its true status. After hearing his lecture one is better able to evaluate the newspaper science that many believe to be evolutionary theory.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

The following attractions are coming to Washington Hall:

Saturday, November 20—"Stella Dallas" with Ronald Colman and Belle Bennett.

Wednesday, November 24—Rudolph Valentino in "The Son of the Sheik."

The following pictures have been booked and the dates will be announced later:

Buster Keaton in "The General."

Mary Pickford in "Sparrows."

Douglas Fairbanks in "The Black Pirate."

Douglas McLean in "Hold That Lion."

Coleen Moore in "It Must Be Love."

EDITORIAL

IF YOU WOULD KNOW US—

Today Notre Dame belongs to visitors—to alumni and friends of the University. We invite their inspection, and we will do all in our power to make the day interesting to them.

Above all, of course, looms the big game—the hours when the men who backed the Army mule over the rim of the football world will prance and caper on Cartier Field. Drake University will offer worthy opposition to a truly great team; a team that bids fair to prove mightier than that which forced from the world recognition of Notre Dame's right to the highest national honors.

We are proud of our team; proud to be able to point out to our friends an eleven that ranks with the finest in the world. But that is easy; the team is there in the flesh, commanding attention; no one can escape it. But there are other things at Notre Dame which claim our love equally with the team; it will not be so easy to point them out, for they are not things of flesh.

Notre Dame spirit needs little mention. The visitor who cannot feel it cannot hope to know anything of Notre Dame. But in one week-end it may perhaps be possible that a visitor could escape contact with the religion of Notre Dame.

Therefore we say to our visitors: Remember, while you watch the team, that behind the eleven is always the force of prayer. Remember that after the Army game the entire squad knelt in the dressing room and offered thanks for the gift of victory. Remember that to Notre Dame men their religion is something as real, as visible, as concrete as their team, and far more powerful. Remember that Notre Dame men play football for the glory of their God. Learn of these things and you will know something of Notre Dame.

—J.A.B.

THE FLAME BURNS HIGH

... And the flares burned high and red in the rush of air from three thousand throats as Notre Dame commanded: "Beat the Army!"

We did. Rock of Notre Dame, huddled like a coiled spring on the side-line; eleven men, crouched like couchant tigers on an eastern field; thirty-five men straining on the bench at Hock's side; a hundred men whose friendly resistance had made possible the fitness of the pick of them; three thousand men who prayed first and then roared defiance to a row of white lights representing the enemy on the gridgraph; four million men and women who prayed first and then drew victory by sheer force of will from the radios they faced: all these, gathered into one indomitable, overwhelming tide that is the spirit and the tradition of Notre Dame, did. We beat the Army.

And the flame of spirit burned high and white in the rush of three thousand men to greet their team as Notre Dame exulted: "We beat the Army!"

It was an inspiring thing: the welcome which Notre Dame gave to its men the morning they returned to claim their heritage. It seemed as though the very elements had conspired to deter the welcomers: a sodden early morning, a continual downpour, a high, chill wind. Yet the campus emptied at five o'clock; no man failed. It was the greatest incarnation of spirit that Notre Dame has ever seen; it is significant that each year, with the growth of the University, the crystallization of Notre Dame spirit is inevitably greater. We have full faith that the manifestations of the spirit born in the hearts of Sorin and his men and taught in the tiny log chapel will continue to grow greater and exist eternally in the hearts of Our Lady and her men.—J.A.B.

HOBNAILS

MERELY FIRECRACKERS

*People, remarked the Philosopher,
Gravely waving a Chinese flag
In joyful celebration of the anniversary of the birth
Of the Great Chinese Republic
(The Celestial Guardian of Sacred Liberty)
People are strangely like
Insignificant firecrackers:
Some of them are lighted by a Great Hand—
They splutter threateningly, and fizzle, and go out,
And lie beneath the sun, and moon, and rain,
Complacently falling to pieces.
Others are lighted also:
They, too, splutter threateningly, and explode
Bang!
Afterward falling to the earth
In tiny fragments.
There is a difference between the two varieties of
firecrackers,
For the tiny fragments have memories
Of an explosion that rocked their little world.*

—LI CHAN.

TAKE THAT, HOWARD

Dear Hobnails: Let me have the honor of having this raving printed in your column. It is an answer to Mr. Haller. I call him Mister because I take it he is an upperclassman and I am a Freshman.

I am an Easterner and I appreciate the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, the art exhibits at the Waldorf and modern poetry. For all of these faults I have taken much derision from two of my room-mates—Thank God, there is one who has a mind. I am therefore pleased when I see Li Chan and Kopi and dear old Prospero Image appearing in your column, and the one room-mate is likewise pleased.

To me this Haller appears to be another fanatic... one of those big, strong he-men who go around the campus looking like someone the servants at home would turn away from the kitchen door. He is probably just another one who thinks knickers are effeminate, who thinks the referee should have been kissed for penalizing Notre Dame. Probably he is capable of appreciating only himself.

I think I have made myself clear, and though I must remain anonymous (there being two lakes on the campus), I will take on all comers in an epistolary encounter.

—930 PARK AVENUE.

"John, you'll have to punish Junior. He actually said 'damn' today."

"Better let him alone, Mary. Perhaps he'll grow up to be a playwright."

—LA CARCAJADA.

A LAMP SHADE OR LUNA?

Collegiates contemplating!!... Impossible!, you say. Yet it happens. Moonlight nights, combined with busy doorways and hurrying lads usually produce this effect. The moonlight supplies the element of the ethereal, while the hurrying lads keep the collegiate in normal surroundings. A balmy breeze may aid in producing a more perfect effect. Be that as it may, I have seen college boys look up, up, up above the bright lights of Michigan street and soulfully remark, "Aint this a beautiful night! Gosh! I could write poetry on a night like this." For a second their souls have risen above collegiate orchestras, deep-cushioned divans, and... softly tinted lamp shades.

Modern life and modern lamp shades have much in common. The latter are cleverly tinted pieces of artificial parchment, produced by mile-a-minute factories. Machine-like reproductions of old-world art grace their pulp-paper surfaces, and every tiny rivet along their edges is rounded with the same mathematical precision. They are products without a soul, reproducing the appearances of true art, and deceiving those who fail to look beyond.

So we have lamp shades without a soul, covering perfect lights without a soul, suspended above a perfect reproduction of a Florentine palace floor; while music without a soul entrances young men who occasionally see the moon.

While they occasionally see the moon there is hope, but there is danger that they will attempt to convert Luna into a lamp-shade.

—GEORGE A. KIENER, '28.

TO TRUDE—A MEMORY

One dull afternoon,
I went to you,
Hoping that you would cheer me.

The music of masters
You played for me,
And life seemed good.

I sat with you—
I held your hand—
And earth was heaven.

—FRANK ARCHER.

The great contest is off. Someone found out who Prospero Image is and promptly broadcasted the news over the campus. Won't someone please start a Cyrano of Chicago contest? We are sadly in need of publicity.

—CYRANO.

The Author's Climax

The Writer Creates a Too Attractive Character

LYLE MOLONEY

A FEW nights ago I sat down to write a story, and as anybody will know who professes to be any sort of writer at all, I proceeded no farther than one page when I was disturbed. The interruption in this case was good looking blonde, and dressed in a Quakerian simplicity which always suggests wildness disguised as innocence.

Of course she went through the formalities of knocking at the door, asking if this was where I lived, and waiting slightly and naively for me to ask her in. And of course I answered the door, stated that this was where I lived, and like a fool, asked her in—at the indecent hour of eleven o'clock in the evening!

While I was meditating as to whether my time-honored position as a gentleman would condone such a breach of conventions, my little blonde Quaker friend entered the room as if quite used to eleventh hour visits of this sort, and walked over to my writing table. Converting the poor, weather-worn table into a veritable trench from which, for the rest of the evening she stood and threw out hand grenades of conversation, this young woman somewhat nosily picked up my scrawled page of writing, read in a scholarly fashion what I had written, and proceeded about two-thirds of the way down the page. Here she paused, raising her eyebrows violently and triumphantly.

"You have forgotten to put in a semicolon there," she said, pointing severely to a definite place on the page.

"Oh, there!" I exclaimed intelligently, despite the fact that I did not know for the world of me where the place was. "That doesn't happen to be forgetfulness. I just decided that only a comma was necessary."

She eyed me scornfully.

"Always put a semicolon before a 'so' clause," she chanted slowly.

The tone of her voice as she spoke seemed

somewhat painfully familiar to me, and all of a sudden out of a clear sky—that is, as clear as a sky can be one hour before midnight—the idea came to me.

"Aren't you a school teacher?" I asked impulsively.

The query evidently startled her, for she put down the paper quickly, and turned to me.

"Is it as apparent as all that?" she questioned dryly.

"Oh, that's quite clear to the observer," I remarked, beginning to gloat over my Sherlock Holmes discovery. "They always have certain characteristics, you know—strict rules, conservative dress, cotton stockings, maybe."

My young opponent flushed somewhat angrily.

"I beg your pardon, but these," pointing to her stockings, "happen to be three-eighty silks."

I was a little stunned by her flash of temperament, but I recovered splendidly.

"I had noticed the silk part," I said, trying to express myself as gallingly as possible—and failing, "but of course you could hardly expect me to know the price."

* * * * *

Having progressed this far in my story, I found it necessary to go back and review what I had written.

First of all, I had introduced a good looking young woman at eleven o'clock in the evening. Then I had made her, to use a distasteful word, somewhat snoopy, because this type of curiosity in a woman is considered charming by a man until he marries her. Next, I had made her a school teacher if only for the fact that when teachers are interesting, they are intensely interesting, just as when they are dull, they are stupidly inane. And at this point, I overstepped myself. I had, as an admitted gentleman, started a conversation on stockings which might lead to eventual blushes if the conversation should take a turn for the worse. There was obviously one thing left for me to do, and that was to use one of the most valuable inventions in the English language—the ability to change the subject.

* * * * *

"Why are you here at such an unearthly

hour?" I asked, more bluntly than I had wished.

"Oh yes, I suppose I should tell you," she answered laughingly. "But you'll think it a great joke."

I answered her to the effect that late hours never put me in the mood for rocking the house with mirth.

"Well then," she began, "it's something of a long, complicated story. I suppose I may sit down."

I laughed sheepishly.

"Haven't I asked you to sit down yet?"

"No," she replied. "I don't believe I have given you a chance."

Then it occurred to me that I didn't know her name.

"First of all, will you tell me your name?" I asked.

* * * * *

At this point of the story, I was forced to do my usual trick—to give a name to the character.

To choose her name (for so long as she called me in terms of personal pronouns, there was need for only one name), I followed my time-tested method. In one column I put the first names; in a second column I placed the last names. From thence I proceeded to force each side into combat with the other until finally, out of a battle field of dead and dying names, two arose victorious.

* * * * *

"My name is Grace," she replied simply to my question.

"Grace what?"

My question seemed to amuse her.

"You mean 'What?' Grace," she laughed.

"Oh, then that's your last name."

"Why, yes." The incident was still amusing her. "My full name is Margaret Grace. And as the heroines always say, you may call me Margaret."

"All right, Margaret," I said slowly, testing out the new name, "now you may proceed with your story."

She was now seated behind the table, toying with the fountain pen which lay there, and making marvelous Chinese puzzle designs all over my manuscript. I drew up a chair and sat down opposite her.

"Well," a deep-drawn sigh, "I became acquainted with you through your English textbook."

The sincere look on her face made me smile.

"I suppose you found a misplaced semi-

colon," I said, "and have come here to kill me."

"No," she answered meditatively, quite as if she had seriously thought of my suggestion, "it was this way. I got to looking at your picture in the front of the book, and I was struck by your honest, innocent look."

Now no person—least of all a harmless author—likes to be called honest and innocent in the same breath. It just isn't worldly, that's all. I guess she saw the hurt look in my face, for she hurried to make amends.

"I only said you *looked* innocent. What I meant was that you looked like the sort of person I could confide in."

"Well," I replied, "I have never had the job of father-confessor—"

"That's just what I mean," she interrupted.

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed. "Surely you aren't going to confess your sins to me! Wouldn't that be a bit embarrassing? I blush easily, you know."

"Won't you please be serious?" she pleaded, and instantly I knew that the curtain of all lightness had fallen.

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

"What I mean is this," she talked on, completely ignoring my apologies. "When a woman has sins to confess, she goes to a priest. When she is caught going sixty miles an hour, she confesses to a speed cop (if he catches her). But when a woman commits sins of grammar, what can she do? She cannot go to a priest—he does not see these as sins. She can't go to a speed cop—he knows no such laws. What then can she do?"

"She might confess to a textbook," I suggested.

"Impossible;" Margaret hit the table with her fists in much the same way that every tragedienne has done since 1790. "Tell me, have you ever made love to a dictionary?"

"Why, not that I know of."

"Well, just try it some time," she challenged. "It offers just about as much thrill of pleasure as a mop does to a scrub woman. And there is just as much, only less, maybe, in a stupid textbook."

"I give up," I laughed weakly. "How did you solve the problem?"

"That's why I'm here," she exclaimed triumphantly, "for the simple reason that you are about the most animated textbook I know of."

"Oh, thank you." I wasn't as flattered as I sounded. "And now you want me to be father-confessor."

"I su-suppose so," she murmured a little confusedly.

"Very well then," I started with much dignity, "without bothering to kneel down, kindly tell me how many 'ain'ts' you have had since your last confession."

Margaret dropped her head on the table, evidently crying, and for a time I sat there watching her, in great confusion as to what I should do.

* * * * *

Here in the story was a chance to increase its selling power. Now was the time to introduce the sentimental, or even love, element, which would assure a great sale among the college students, old maids, and their like. But this part of the story only goes to show that authors should possess not only the qualities of observation, but, they should be equipped with experience of the widest assortment.

I had to admit that my practice in gently patting blonde heads, soothingly lifting weary heads, and tenderly brushing tears from swollen eyes, constituted an unexplored field. And so:

* * * * *

After a while I lifted poor Margaret's care-worn head, and to my surprise, found not one semblance of tears. Instead I gazed into dry, calculating eyes, which eventually lighted with a healthy smile.

"No, I wasn't crying," she said frankly.

"Then why the fallen head?"

She seemed a bit vexed by my stupidity.

"Evidently you have never noticed," she replied, "that when a woman finds herself cornered, she pretends to cry until she has had time to think."

"You mean then," I laughed, "that when your 'confession' speech didn't draw so well, you had to resort to tears?"

"Precisely."

"And would you mind explaining the meaning of the little speech?" I continued.

We had established a foundation of frankness. She no longer blushed at her failure.

"First of all," she answered, "would you please explain to me why my little speech failed so utterly? If Ibsen or Wilde put that expression in the mouths of a charac-

ter, the world would most likely have gone crazy over the heroine."

"That is easy," I explained. "People are always crying for realism. Yet take a realistic story and bring it to life, and you find that it is terribly prosy. Put your confession in prose, and it may be made to appear realistic."

"Really?" Margaret's face brightened appreciably.

"Well then," she sighed, "my whole night's mission is complete."

"How come?"

It was then that the blonde Quaker Margaret explained her visit.

"I came here for two purposes," she said. "One was to meet an honest-to-goodness author. The other reason involved the confession speech."

Here she paused to collect her thoughts, and to get another breath.

"I had practiced that speech for a long time," she continued. "You see, I am somewhat of an author myself. Tonight I was walking by your apartments at this awful, unladylike hour, and I was overwhelmed with a desire to meet you and discuss my new plot for a book. And that's all there is to it. I tried the speech. It didn't work. Now I am satisfied to know that it will make a good part of my book since it failed so miserably."

Margaret stopped, looked at her watch, and gasped.

* * * * *

And here, my friends, comes what is known as the author's climax. It invariably comes to the writer who creates a character, bad or good as the character may be, who pleases him in the manner of an ideal. It is that inescapable feeling of lonesomeness that comes to the author when he knows that what he has created must leave, in most cases never to return.

Here, in my case, was the character Margaret, now almost real, almost living, almost breathing; and yet at the point of stretching out her hand to say good-bye.

What could I do? I could not let her remain, for such indiscretions are not allowed by a reading public. I could not let her go, for departure meant her leaving for good. Of course I could recall her to mind, but that would be the same as recalling a dead friend. Then too, I could re-read the story, but that would be worse than absolute forgetfulness—Margaret would be no longer a vital character; she would be an endless profusion of badly punctuated sentences.

It has been several days since the writing of my story. The manuscript is still lying on my desk,

like a white coffin holding the cold ink form of the unfortunate Margaret.

Every day I think of her, and plan seriously of freeing her from her prison, but every spare moment, some inner selfishness finds added work for me to do, and each hour finds the poor girl unsought, unfound, unsaved.

I am afraid poor Margaret no longer likes me, and I have fears that in the dead of night, she

cries out for a savior, a bold Prince Charming who does not make a living by writing stodgy textbooks, or ridiculous stories, or cold, cruel essays—a brave young knight who goes to bed at a sensible hour of nine o'clock so that he can get up bright and early to go forth and save unfortunate heroines.

And some day he will come. And that will mean another three thousand words.

The Garden of Memory

"These be the Wistful, Who Look Backward Towards Old Fires"

JAMES O'TOOLE

SO true is this bit of wisdom that it has caught my fancy and turned the eye of introspection upon the faculty of memory. I am an old man, in an old house, sitting before a fire that smoulders in the hearth, and I am dreaming of the days that are no more; and, pondering here, I recall ancient things which, like old wine, become more precious with the lapse of years.

My heart would long ago have grown bitter and my mind stagnant were it not for the sweet influence of a memory that has saved me from the old age of him who hates or fears to remember.

And so I live with memory and compare it to an old-fashioned garden, for it is always coupled with beautiful things in my mind—and what is more beautiful than a garden where roses and lilies nod to the sun and laugh with the breeze? My thought wanders through the garden, open to all the seductive emotions of long-buried years. It is in this garden that all my dreams become real and all my life is lived again.

The great red roses, full-flowered and fragrant, recall another blossom that faded all too soon. The love that enlightened my youth passed with the object of my love, but it will always return to me at the sight of roses, if they be red.

The lilies, white as the snow upon the billowy sides of the mystic Himalayas, paint a picture of the one who guided me in my

youth and told me stories when the ghost of dark night crept upon us. I shall never forget her little joyous tales of Peter Pan and the Bluebird that beguiled my childish fancy, and I shall always remember the strange journeys we took with Aeneas and how we searched with Jason for the Golden Fleece. I shall never forget the beautiful creature that God gave me for my mother, and I have never done thanking Him for the great gift.

In my memory wild-flowers are associated with the madcap days of youth when all was laughter and song. The mad escapades, the rash chances, the zest for frolic, all return to surround me in my infirmity, and I wonder now at the rash deeds that were mysteries to an older generation.

So the flowers live in my mind and are associated with the splendor of a long-gone day. Even as the Titans and the great gods and Napoleon and Washington and all the rest have passed away, so must I also, but I shall never be restless for old days, for they dwell with me in my memory, and every hour is pregnant with the dreams that are the pleasure of old men.

I am an old man sitting in front of a dying fire with a pipe in my hand and a book upon my lap; and the pages of the book go unread, for I have a more pleasant reverie than could be evoked by books: I am happy in the land of dreams.

Three Songs to Columbine

PROSPERO IMAGE



I.

*Ah Columbine,
When the silver feather of the moon
Hangs over the slender cypress trees,
And the swans
Float ghost-like on the lake,
I am hungry
For your delicate kisses;
Your clear laughter,
Like a bright flare of notes
From a flute;
And your dancing figure
Like a frosted decoration
Hectically animated.*

II.

*When you murmured good-bye
Columbine,
And danced out of the gate
With a faint jingling
Of the spangles on your skirt,
I would have thrown myself
Into the dark mirror of the lake,
But the vague hope
That you would some night
Dance again into the garden
Restrained me.*

*That is why I wait here nightly
With still hands
Upon a silent lute.*

III.

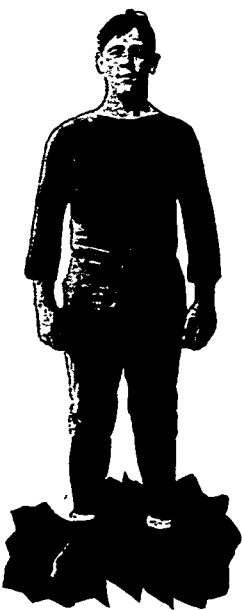
*The roses have gone
Columbine,
And the nightingales,
And even the swans have gone away.
The lake is a platter of ice,
And the cypress trees are frail skeletons.*

*Ah Columbine,
If you should dance now
Into the garden,
You would find my lute
Stringless,
And my hands too cold to play.*

SPORT NEWS

Notre Dame Stampede Tramples Army, 7-0

Coogan's Bluff and the serried plains of old New York, reeking with the blood of nations and the parched remains of the red man, are echoing and reechoing the praises that the latest saga of war and strife call forth.



O'BOYLE

A swelling roar is dinning on the hillside of the Bluff and a hoarse mob is yelling itself mad with joy for upon its lips is the praise of Notre Dame and in its heart is the glowing image of the Notre Dame men who ran gallantly over the deadliest rival that they know, the Army.

This mob, whose excited ranks extend from coast to coast and from boundary to gulf, will not soon forget the praises that it so earnestly sings, for as the mob hails the champion so does it chant for the Notre Dame eleven that won by the bare margin of 7 to 0.

Eighty thousand of the mob saw the thundering herd battle for four nerve-racking periods against the undying attempts of a courageous army team and with one swelling roar that eighty thousand acclaimed the Herd as it tramped from the field in victory.

And many millions more, unable to witness the superb fight because men cannot sit on thin air, many millions who had begged, entreated, prayed for a victory, streamed tears that mingled with the swelling roar to grasp a nation in panic.

GRIEF STALKS CADETS NOW

A plague of grief has descended ominously on the traditional marching ground of West Point for the brave lads that the venerable institution sent forth to annex a

national championship found their measure in stamina and strength, and wavering just once, were forced to acknowledge their superiors. From the same field whence tramped the men of Notre Dame in triumph tramped the cadets of West Point in grim defeat. But the game fight which they waged until their last strength had waned will ever raise them in the eyes of Our Lady's men.



MAYR

Fight, fight, fight, they waged and guts, guts, guts, they showed and when they had expended everything the dying shades of the afternoon stopped their courage and Notre Dame was acclaimed the victor. About their sanguinary struggle the gridiron saga of the season hangs.

You've heard about men that have gone beyond themselves and you've heard about men that responded to the inspiration of a moment but your ears have been stone if you have not listened to the colorful story of how Notre Dame avenged a 27 to 0 beating at the hands of her dread foe.

You've read that eleven men of Notre Dame, primed to the battle, gave the Army all they had and were acclaimed in one mighty roar as the victors. But you haven't read so much about the 2,500 men of Notre Dame that prayed and watched and fought in spirit until their hearts too could exult in victory. The soiled walls of the Notre Dame gymnasium heard it; the figure of Our Lady saw it; and 2500 men of Notre Dame felt it tingling through their veins.

You'll not soon hear or see the equal of what happened in the Yankee Stadium dur-

ing the first half. Two perfect machines met and battled, man to man, for one full half and the team that was labeled as the under dog took the lead in fight even though it could not gain an advantage in score. Sweeping end runs and terrific line thrusts they volleyed at each other, but each time the defense was too strong. Twice the men of Notre Dame threatened to break the deadlock and twice the cadets of West Point rallied to the cause.

CHRISTY SAUNTERS OFF

Nor will you soon hear of a feat so fiery as that which Christy Flanagan, the flashy son of Erin, Texas, and Notre Dame, turned when the third quarter was yet young. But you'll always remember in your mind's eye that inspired Irishman as he dodged and twisted and hammered his way through the entire Army team for 63 yards and a lone touchdown while his team mates savagely cut down each of the eleven cadet tacklers who menaced him.

For color the game stands out as the most thrilling that the country has witnessed to date. The same Notre Dame team which was humiliated 27 to 0 a year ago in the same stadium, played the same Army team and both were undefeated in the grid campaign up to that time. Army was picked by a majority of experts to win although Notre Dame was conceded a slim chance of pulling through.

One of the largest crowds that has ever packed itself into a modern amphitheatre piled itself on the mammoth shelves of Yankee Stadium and prepared to see the struggle that had set a footballmad nation talking and fighting. Thousands of Army cadets, decked in their natty blue, strutted and marched in military formation and the din of many bands filled the concrete bowl with a tremor that promised events.

And then the enemies met. Hoping to gain an advantage with a quick getaway, the cadets swung into open formation and hammered at the Irish defense. Almost before the battle waxed warm, a freak punt by Murrell had given Notre Dame the ball on the Army 34 yard line. Notre Dame's

attempts to put the ball across were fruitless and the ball went to the Army on downs.

Murrell broke loose and ran 28 yards before being stopped and the Army offense loomed as a weapon that the Irish would not be able to parry. But only for a moment did the danger lurk for Notre Dame tightened and held its own.

Much of the first half was a punting duel in which Murrell combatted Edwards and Niemic of Notre Dame. But the two steady marches which Notre Dame began and continued for many yards, only to fall short when crucial minutes arrived, showed the vast power of the Irish attack. It was Harry O'Boyle, the human phalanx, who bore down on the vaunted Army wall and ripped it to shreds on numerous occasions. And it was Harry O'Boyle that backed up his own line and felled cadet plungers more than once as they darted off the tackles or guards.

Rockne must have spoken another epochal speech during that intermission for Notre Dame was a merciless team as it again took to the sod. A kickoff, two plunges off the tackles, a hurried lining up, the snapping of the ball, a lithe figure darting off the line, other speedy figures cutting down the opposition, the lithe figure footing it down the sidelines well into enemy territory and suddenly a mob broke loose in tumult and clamor, roaring until its lungs almost burst in frantic applause. Christy Flanagan had gone over for the lone touchdown and a minute later O'Boyle's trusty toe had added the seventh point.

CADETS UNCORK WILD PASSES

Desperate, faced with a rout at the hands of its keenest rivals, the Army spent every trick and every ability that it had but always it met the unflinching men of Notre Dame who could not be denied now. Throughout the third and fourth periods passes were heaved with abandon and sweeping runs were essayed with hope, but Notre Dame, perfect on defense and alert on offense, kept her line in safety.

You'll hear time and again that this man

or that one starred but don't let your ears deceive you. Notre Dame starred. It was Chris Flanagan's eventful run and Red Edwards' punting and Harry O'Boyle's plunging and Red Hearnden's blocking that steam-rollered the cadets into submission. But it was Ike Voedisch, Freddie Miller, Clipper Smith, Bud Boeringer, Frank Mayer, John McManmon and Johnny Wallace, who took the cruel punishment of the Army backfield and withstood the onslaught in such admirable fashion. And it was the subs who had the punch and the power to win that completed the job.

Some time the crags of Coogan's Bluff will resound to the cheers for a new champion but somehow the melodies of Notre Dame that bound now off the dizzy heights will ring with anvil force for many a day to come.

NOTRE DAME (7)		ARMY (0)	
Voedisch	L.E.	Harbold	
Miller	L.T.	Sprague	
John Smith	L.G.	Schmidt	
Boeringer	C.	Daly	
Mayer	R.G.	Hammack	
McManmon	R.T.	Saunders	
Wallace	R.E.	Born	
Riley	Q.B.	Harding	
Niemic	L.H.B.	Cagle	
Dahman	R.H.B.	Wilson	
O'Boyle	F.B.	Murrell	

SCORE BY INNINGS

Notre Dame	0	0	7	0—7
Army	0	0	0	0—0

Touchdown—Flanagan. Point after touchdown—O'Boyle (placement kick).

Substitutions—Notre Dame: Edwards for Riley, Flanagan for Dahman, Hearnden for Niemic, Walsh for Voedisch, Wynne for O'Boyle, Red Smith for John Smith, O'Boyle for Wynne, J. Smith for E. Smith, Voedisch for Walsh, Wynne for O'Boyle, Niemic for Flanagan, Riley for Edwards, Red Smith for John Smith, Poliski for McManmon, Dahman for Wynne, Walsh for Voedisch, Roach for Niemic, McNally for Riley.

Army: Brentnall for Harbold, Davidson for Sprague, Harbold for Brentnall, Trapnell for Cagle, Hewitt for Murrell, Murrell for Hewitt, Muse for Sprague, Dahl for Murrell, Cagle for Trapnell, Meehan for Harding, Brentnall for Born, Sprague for Muse, Davidson for Sprague, Perry for Saunders, Trapnell for Cagle, Seeman for Hammack, Lynch for Schmidt.

Referee—Ed Thorp, De La Salle. Umpire—Walter Eckersall, Chicago. Field judge—A. C. Taylor, Princeton. Linesman—J. Watt, Missouri.

IRISH TO FACE DRAKE

IN HOMECOMING GAME

Three obstacles confront Knute Rockne's Fightin' Irish in their march toward another national championship and one of them will attempt to derail the fast coming Notre Dame team Saturday afternoon at Cartier Field before a Homecoming crowd.

Only one other major team, the Navy, held up an untarnished slate after last Saturday's tilts had been contested and provided the Army, most recent victims of the ruthless Irish attack, sink the Navy goat, chances for a second national title in two years will be bright.

With seven straight wins under their belts, the Irish are prepared to steam-roller their way to three more wins and thus complete another perfect season. Drake, Carnegie Tech and the University of Southern California loom ominously and upon the Irish ability to defeat them hinges much.

The first step in the final drive toward national recognition starts at promptly 2 p. m. Saturday afternoon. Although the Blue and Gold is favored to defeat Drake in a somewhat easy fashion, the Missouri Valley Conference eleven has a world of power that might burst out dangerously.

EXPECT BRILLIANT ATTACK

Those who have sat in Cartier Field for the four home games and have seen the Irish, carefully guarded, defeat good opponents by fair scores only, look forward to a brilliant attack in Saturday's game. They expect to see the Rockmen, inspired as no other team has ever been inspired, unleash the championship caliber which they undoubtedly possess and run to a decisive victory over the Ames eleven.

But Notre Dame's dazzling attack cannot last for long because the most important game of the year, that with Southern California on Dec. 6 in Los Angeles, looms as the test that will make or dash all titular hopes. It is generally conceded that the Irish will take Drake and Carnegie without undue effort.

The same fighting machine that met the Army at its own game and pushed it into

The South Bend News-Times . . .

*Again Welcomes
Notre Dame's
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Notre Dame in Action*

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1856 SOUTH BEND 1926

the ground through sheer nerve alone will see action for a few minutes but Rockne's second and third elevens will probably have a chance to shine.

Drake, one of the best teams in the Valley conference, has met with bad luck on two occasions and lost a third game to the Navy, present disputants of the Irish no-defeat record. Ames and Nebraska took the Drake eleven over and Navy ran up the decisive score of 21 to 0.

Two backfield aces form the Drake threat which Notre Dame will be called upon to check. Sutherland, a halfback, and Everett, diminutive Drake signal-barker, have been scoring consistently and both are said to be adept at running and passing. Dalby, an end, has figured largely in the Drake passing attack.

Cartier Field is expected to be jammed to the brim with Irish alumni and middle-western fans who consider the Notre Dame eleven as the cream of the game.

DR. BERTELING TO LECTURE

The Notre Dame Academy of Science will present the first of its series of public lectures in Washington Hall, Monday evening, November 22. Dr. Berteling, secretary of the South Bend board of health, and prominent physician, will speak on "The Relation of the Germ Theory to Modern Medicine."

Dr. Berteling, a Notre Dame graduate and former faculty member, was university physician for over twenty years. The doctor has literally grown up with the modern theories of medicine. He is a most interesting talker and his talk should appeal to every one as a matter of importance to general knowledge, even though the title seems forbidding. The Academy invites all students and all faculty members to attend this lecture, with the assurance that it will be more than worth while.

Among the unrecorded events of the Notre Dame-Army game was the spiritual "huddle" called together by Christy Flanagan in the dressing room after the final whistle, for the purpose of ejaculating a fervent Hail Mary in thanksgiving.

A HALF A CENTURY BACK

BY ROBERT WARD

By the indulgence of President Corby, reading in the refectory during supper has been dispensed with. A short passage from the Bible is read, as usual, before, and a few paragraphs from the Imitation of Christ after the meal. The boys, to show their appreciation of this new departure, carry on pleasant and instructive conversations. They are firm believers in the old saying that chatted meals are half digested.

Oct. 14, 1879.

P. Shickey's livery stable near St. James' Hotel and Lake Shore Depot is not only well supplied with the best of buggies and carriages but has lately added a first class hack. Mr. Shickey requests his friends and students to remember him with their patronage, and wishes them to give him a call when needing any kind of a vehicle. Conveyances are always in readiness for funerals.

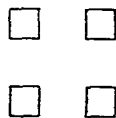
Jan. 21, 1879.

We clip the following from a Chicago paper relative to Miss Mitz's visit to Notre Dame for the purpose of entering her two nephews in the Minim Department. "Miss Tina Mitz has recently visited Notre Dame University, at South Bend, Indiana. She expressed herself as highly pleased with the institution, and left her two nephews to drink at the fount of learning."

A meeting of the Associate Board of Lay Trustees of the University was held last Tuesday in the College Parlor at 11:00. Following the meeting a banquet was served in the Students' Infirmary. Among those present were included, Rev. Mathew Walsh, C.S.C., Albert R. Erskine, Edward N. Hurley, Rev. Hugh O'Donnell, C.S.C., Solon O. Richardson, Fred J. Fisher, Miles W. O'Brien, Rev. George Finnegan, C.S.C., Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C.S.C., Byron V. Kanaley, Daniel P. Murphy, Clement C. Mitchel, Brother Florence, C.S.C., and William P. Breen.

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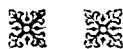
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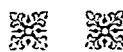
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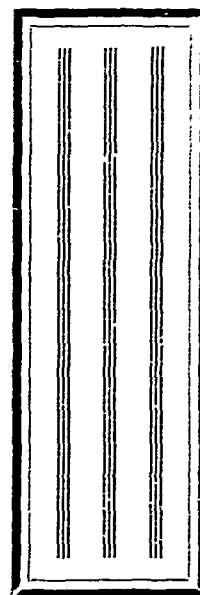


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Splinters From The Press Box

National champions again?

We aren't inclined to be wild with optimism because the bottom may fall out of the bucket any time, but there's not a lot of room to be pessimistic. Drake, Carnegie Tech, and Southern California in the next three Saturdays. If all three fall before the ruthless Irish attack the whole world will be ready to admit that these Irish don't linger much.

* * * * *

And by the way have you stopped in your wild ramblings to consider that this Notre Dame defense is one of the greatest that has graced a modern gridiron? One touchdown has been scored against it, that by Minnesota. All others have had merely visions of a score against Rock's Tackling Tartans.

* * * * *

This Christy Flanagan is a temperamental bird. He fools around with no gains under 10 or 15 yards and always manages to cut loose for one of the 60 yard plums. The Army secondary defense happens to be lamenting his latest 60 yard gallop.

* * * * *

Only 250 fans, who chartered a special train to New York from South Bend, officially represented the Irish. But when Mr. Flanagan broke loose there were some 80,000 who yelled themselves hoarse at the feat. Which proves that they wouldn't go to football games if they didn't seek the supreme thrill.

* * * * *

Notre Dame has won nine out of the thirteen games she has played with the Army. Three were lost and one was tied. Now that doesn't make any explanation necessary.

* * * * *

Years of experience have their advantages. But it takes a young team to rise to the heights and play with that vital spark that can't be trampled upon. And don't forget that a nervier team than Notre Dame was last Saturday has never tramped on a football field, east, west or anywhere.

After a season of heart-breaking reverses. Ghoul Post III claims that he has adjusted his batting eye. He prophesied 7 to 0 in last week's SCHOLASTIC and 7 to 0 it was. With such luck stalking in his trail he'll venture this: Notre Dame 21; Drake 0.

◆

START BASKETBALL DRILL

With hopes of equalling last season's impressive basketball record, forty candidates are working out daily under the tutelage of Coach George Keogan.

Last year's team enjoyed the most successful season in the history of the school, and by winning nineteen out of twenty games played established a record which was not equalled by any collegiate quintet in the country. The Notre Dame basketekers were named champions of the West, and were generally conceded an excellent claim to the national collegiate title. Much credit is due Coach Keogan, who, in three years, has placed Notre Dame basketball almost on a plane with football.

The individual ability of our men was highly praised. Johnny Nyikos and Louis Conroy, center and guard respectively, were named on the All-Western team, while Dahman and Crowe were placed on the third team, and McNally given honorable mention. The whole team was individually of the highest caliber.

With all these men back this year except Crowe, and a wealth of material from the Freshmen and Reserve squads, Notre Dame has a good chance of producing another winning quintet.

The reserves who are back this year include Moore, Victorine, Besten, Voedish and Kelley. The most promising candidates from the yearling squad are Crowe, Gebhard, Newbold, Bray and Jochym, forwards; Colerick, Vogelwede and Hamilton, centers; Moynihan, Crowley and Hughes, guards.

Within the next few weeks a new, permanent floor will be built on the basketball court, and until this is completed, the candidates will practice in the Knights of Columbus gym.

WELCOME NOTRE DAME ALUMNI! : : VISIT US OVER THE WEEK END

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NOTRE DAME MEN ENJOY SMITH'S
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The lecture for today

is on life insurance.

It consists of two words:—

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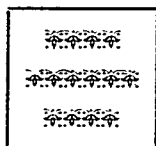
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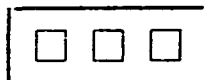
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WHEN Greek or calculus gets you into a tight corner, tie a tin to trouble—a tidy red tin of Prince Albert! Tamp a load of this really friendly tobacco into the bowl of your jimmy-pipe and light up. Watch the sun crash through the clouds with every puff!

P. A. can't bite your tongue or parch your throat, no matter how fast you feed it, because the Prince Albert process gave Bite and Parch the air at the start. Cool as a Laplander's lap. Sweet as apple cider. Fragrant as spring blossoms. That's Prince Albert!

One pipe-load invites another. And . . . you can hit P. A. from morning till midnight and it won't hit back. Don't put off to tomorrow what you can smoke today. Get a tidy red tin of P. A. and turn on the sunshine . . . now!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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